THE New Republic

Mideast Debate:
Dulles Is Not
The Issue Now

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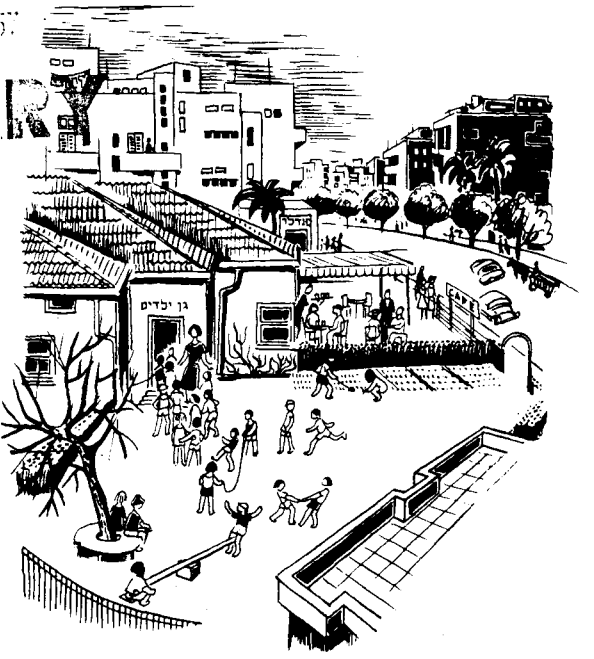
Our Stake in the State of Israel

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR



Are the Joint Chiefs Being Mulish? . . *Michael Straight*

Money Matters . . . . . *Helen Hill Miller*

As Any Didymus Can See . . . . . *Gerald W. Johnson*

The Wump Saga . . . . . *Donald Malcolm*

FEBRUARY 4, 1957 20c

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Washington Wire

The Missiles Salute

DOMINATING the Inaugural parade were the missiles. The massed stands were built out into the street of be-flagged Pennsylvania Avenue, and the long winding procession of bands and floats and rolling politicians had the intimacy of a Roman triumph. Silence settled as the missiles trundled by on their futuristic mounts.

They are sleek, beautiful, lethal things with the fearful symmetry of a coiled rattlesnake, capable of crisping cities 1,000 miles off and given affectionate, humorous nicknames by their crews, like "Corporal" and "Honest John," in man's ancient instinctive determination to hide from himself the unbearable horror of what he is doing.

The desire to see them discharged is irresistible. We kept thinking of our grandfather's farm—the summer we got our first rifle—a single-shot .22 Stevens made in Portland, Me. The itch to pull the trigger was beyond us. Before we knew it, plunk—a neat hole in the ingoing and out-going side of the galvanized RFD mail box, right between the initials of "B. F. Lang, So. Lee, N.H." (We had fired from the barn gate, above, so the passage was at a slant.)

Well, we wonder what fingers are going to yearn over the controls of "the Snarks," "Matador," "Sidewinder," and fight the compulsive urge to push the buttons? Who can restrain the temptation—are these superb weapons to be achieved and not used? What a great pop there will be, to be sure, when they go off!

The Sun Comes Out

HERE ARE notes jotted on our wet pine plank before the Capitol, where we sat in the press tier.

Stands damp; heavy drifting clouds with rare blue patches; rotten snow in corners . . . better weather than expected, raw day, one's breath faintly visible, not sun but aura of sun in clouds. . . . Stage built out on stairs of gray ancient Capitol whose dome rises behind, covered with pigeons disturbed by the crowd. . . . Near at hand the tommy-hawking sculptures that show up in Brady's blurred photographs of Lincoln's Inaugural, from what Mark Twain called the "delirium tremens school of art." . . . Reporters in ear muffs hitting portables with numbed fingers, and Morse code telegraphers (almost extinct breed) transmitting "color" stories. . . . Silver-gray US Navy dirigible drifts like darker fish against gray clouds. . . . Plaza crowded like kind of saucer filled with humanity. . . . Gaily-clad Marine Band in red and blue uniforms plays cheerfully, leader wearing sword. . . . 11:50: the Supreme Court, black-robed, bare-headed comes on platform above us; the benevolent Chief Justice moves to podium. . . . Sky lightens. . . . Awed reporter whispers, "He's not merely going to make the sun come out; he's going to make cherry blossoms bloom!" . . . Noon: band gives opening bars of "Hail to the Chief" for Nixon, stiffly cut off at point protocol permits for Vice President. . . . Four flourishes and "Hail to the Chief" as Ike arrives: sun dodges out. . . . Friendly applause, subdued compared to 1952. . . . Styles Bridges and "Stars and Stripes Forever." . . . Ike wears formal black overcoat with velvet collar, looks well but thin, face lines deep, sunk. . . . Army-tank Knowland administers oath to probable 1960-rival sly-fox Nixon, adds "Congratulations, Mr. Nixon!" . . . Band plays "America the Beautiful"; brings applause; glad to see it creeping up on "Star Spangled Banner." . . . Everybody up and down for third prayer, then "America"—nobody rises; sun plays dramatic peek-a-boo. . . . 12:23: Band gives four flourishes. Ike doffs overcoat, steps forward, repeats after Warren in firm, full voice—tremendous oath, tremendous scene. . . . Inaugural Address: reads with conviction, fervor, yearning —man fully convinced of what he says, lofty internationalist commitment, like sermon. . . . Lofty generalities; what does it mean? Don't know. . . .

The Next Man

THINGS ARE changing pretty fast in Washington; it pays now to watch closely. Eisenhower has been re-elected and can't run again, so in a sense he's a has-been and the politicians' interest is turning to next-man possibilities. Just at the time when the President is a little less sacrosanct the inflation problem bursts its seams and hard-money man George Humphrey shows evident signs of distress and possible mutiny. The changed tone toward Eisenhower by the conservative financial press like the *Wall Street Journal, New York Times* financial writer Edward H. Collins and fiscal tories Raymond Moley and Henry Hazlitt of *Newsweek* is fascinating; they are now becoming vicious in their soured love-affair.

Opposition At Last

SIMULTANEOUSLY the Democrats have now, finally, boiled over in resentment at Dulles. "Eden has gone in London, why can't Dulles go here?" they say. The Administration wanted Congress to pass a resolution to show national unity in the Middle East crisis, in itself a natural and desirable thing. But it finally goaded the Democrats too far. They don't object to the resolution—will pass it when the time comes. But they see it as a device to share responsibility for Dulles' failure in Suez and to give the appearance that this Congress is giving the Administration a vote of confidence.

The last thing the Democratic group has is confidence in Dulles. They know they are over a barrel—if they delay the resolution, they will be denounced as aiding Moscow. Nevertheless they have delayed it long enough to let their real feelings appear. These run deep; they believe Dulles has not merely been inept but has shown an actual lack of good faith.

They charge him with following a political line, minimizing world troubles for political purposes and then callously exposing them after the election. We listened last week to Senator William Fulbright (D, Ark.) in the vast marble Senate Caucus Room read his indictment slowly and dispassionately while Dulles' face slowly crimsoned. It was on January 24, and it marked the end of a chapter. The Administration had an Opposition at last.

T.R.B.

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The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

FEBRUARY 4, 1957

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Correspondence

► ***Baby Doll***

SIRS:

SPEAKING at the Library of Congress recently, novelist John O'Hara complained, with acerbity, that "the stupidest criticism" a reader can make of a novel, short story or play, is that he doesn't like the subject-matter or the people. "Those awful people!" some readers cry to Mr. O'Hara of his characters. Mr. O'Hara pointed out that classical literature is loaded with traitors, murderers, perverts and other disagreeable types. He might have added (and perhaps he did—the source here is a news story) that these same complainants would probably be the first to fling their hats into the air at the conclusion of an acceptable production of *Oedipus Rex*.

It is Tennessee Williams who might most emphatically echo John O'Hara's complaint. The author of *Baby Doll*, a

(Continued on page 23)

The Mideast Debate

MR. DULLES sat "red-faced and silent," one reporter observed, when Sen. J. William Fulbright (D, Ark.) launched the bitterest attack yet made on President Eisenhower's Secretary of State. And the verbal free-for-all which followed, reminiscent of earlier Republican attacks upon Dean Acheson, suggests some sober lessons on bipartisanship and the function of the Opposition.

The Dulles policies, Fulbright told his Senate colleagues, are "harmful to our interests"; "calculated to weaken the interests of the Free World in the Middle East, disastrous to the NATO organization" and "damaging to our friendship with Great Britain and France." These were written remarks by the No. 2 Democrat on the Foreign Relations Committee, a man notably slow to anger, the man Adlai Stevenson was said to favor for Secretary of State in 1952.

For three weeks he and the rest of the Foreign Relations Committee had tried to pin Mr. Dulles down on what the Eisenhower Doctrine is meant to do. Dulles told them nothing—at great length. He declined to define the geographic area of the "Middle East," cited no evidence that overt Russian aggression was imminent, and refused to commit himself even in general on how he and President Eisenhower proposed to spend the $200 million in economic aid requested, without strings.

Along with other Senators who attended a November NATO meeting in Paris, Fulbright had seen Dulles similarly lecture French and British delegates. Many of the Americans returned convinced that the Western Alliance could not be restored to full vigor so long as Mr. Dulles remained Secretary of State.

The latest in the Secretary's record of offensive remarks, delivered in the current hearings, must have added to that conviction: "If I were an American boy, as you term it, I'd rather not have a French and British soldier beside me, one on my right and one on my left." The charitable *London Times* called this "another of his irritating gaffes."

The *NR* has repeatedly pointed out that Mr. Dulles is not a welcome envoy from the US to any area of the world. It is also clear, as we have held, that the Eisenhower Doctrine does not face up to the real problems involving Israel and the Arab States.

All this, however, does not justify the effort of some Democrats in the Senate to combine the issues of the Eisenhower Doctrine, Dulles' continued fitness to serve as Secretary, and the validity of past and present US foreign policy in the Middle East. And even Mr. Fulbright himself soon realized that to hold up the vote on the Eisenhower Doctrine pending a broad review of foreign policy laid the Democratic opposition open to the indictment of delay, obstruction and sabotage. The question of Mr. Dulles' fitness in turn can be much better examined after the Eisenhower Doctrine is out

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of the way and the Senate has conducted the full-dress review of our recent policies in the Middle East which is now planned.

The central merit of the "Eisenhower Doctrine" is that it places the governments of the Middle East (and those who would be its governors) on notice that the United States is determined to prevent the satellization of that area by the Soviet Union, and that if the Soviet Union recklessly chooses to intervene militarily in the area, it will have to fight this country.

The Congress should approve this declaration of American intent, and get on, as Senator Fulbright urges, to a full inquiry into how our Middle Eastern policy became so tragic a failure and what we can do to right things now.

Dag Sits One Out

NINETY DAYS after the Israeli attack on Egypt last October 29 UN Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold handed the settlement problem back to the Western powers. That in effect was the meaning of his report to the Assembly January 25.

During those 90 days Mr. Hammarskjold kept the initiative in arranging a ceasefire, creating the United Nations Emergency Force which reports to him, and launching the clearance of the Suez Canal by UN engineers, who also report to him. For these steps the Secretary found sufficient authority within his charter duties, or obtained specific authorizations from the General Assembly for actions he proposed. But the impasse created by Israeli demands on Gaza and Aqaba, Mr. Hammarskjold concluded, requires a show of strength by UN members.

Israel submitted two demands: that Israel should provide civil administration in Gaza, the 20-mile-long rectangle on the Mediterranean coast, pending final settlement of the Palestine question; and that the UN Emergency Force occupy the straits of Aqaba pending an international guarantee of free passage for shipping, including Israel's. Unless these two demands were met, Israel said it would maintain its own troops at these two points, in violation of UN resolutions.

It is not difficult to sympathize with the purpose of the Israeli demands. Raiders trained by the Egyptian army had for nine years used the Gaza Strip as a base for attacking Israel, in defiance of the Armistice Agreement. And the Gulf of Aqaba had been closed to Israeli ships by Egyptian guns mounted at the narrow straits. Despite these Egyptian provocations the UN would have legal difficulty in accepting either Israeli demand.

The Gaza demand would alter the 1949 Armistice agreement, which by its own terms can be changed only by joint approval of Israel and Egypt. The Aqaba demand goes beyond the authority of the UN Emergency Force. Instead of suggesting a compromise, the Secretary-General listed all the pertinent agreements on Gaza and Aqaba, and passed the responsibility to the Assembly.

Canadian Foreign Minister Lester Pearson and American Ambassador Cabot Lodge accepted the lead. They sought a compromise which could be cleared in advance with Egypt, then approved by a majority vote in the General Assembly, and finally sold to Israel.

For Gaza, the compromise will certainly include some use of the UN Emergency Force, very probably under terms of the 1949 Armistice, which Egypt can accept as no new agreement. On Aqaba, the field is now open for an international proposal to guarantee free passage. The new resolution may provide for guard duties of the UN force at Aqaba until the guarantee is worked out.

Simple as such a formula may sound, the negotiations have now entered a far more dangerous stage in which, for the first time, demands will be directed against both sides, and new opportunities emerge for interference by the Soviet bloc.

Mr. Sandys' Mission

IT IS BECOMING clearer every day that the whole economic policy of the Macmillan Government depends on a major cut in Britain's defense program. Even while he was Chancellor of the Exchequer Macmillan indulged publicly in what he called "pipe-dreams" on the subject. His first act as Prime Minister was to order a 20 percent cut in the present military budget—a saving of £300 million.

This demand for defense cuts is not just the natural reaction of a right-wing party faced with high taxation—though this plays its part. The Suez debacle made many Englishmen wonder just what they had been getting for the £7 billion they have spent on the armed services in the last six years. The Labour Party, too, is demanding cuts as loudly as the Tories. And recently the Select Committee on Estimates reported an appalling story of waste and inefficiency in Britain's military aircraft program—

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currently swallowing some £250 million a year. Above all, the government is stressing the great gap between Britain's defense efforts and that of her European allies —her main competitor, Germany, is spending little more than half as much as Britain. But any major saving depends on structural changes in the defense program as a whole, which in turn depend on fundamental decisions of foreign policy.

At present Britain is trying to prepare simultaneously for three separate types of warfare. Besides keeping conventional forces for police action in her colonial territories, Britain is forming tactical atomic divisions for the defense of Europe and an independent thermonuclear striking force for all-out global war. It is now clear that a medium power, as Britain revealed herself to be in Suez, cannot do all this at once on her own. The question is—which field should Britain abandon, and who will take over the consequent gap in the line?

THE right-wing Conservatives who see Macmillan as their representative insist on keeping an H-bomber force as a symbol of Great Power status, and naturally refuse to contemplate any reduction or transfer of Britain's colonial commitments. They see a big cut in Britain's NATO contribution as the only way. Some of the Tory moderates would prefer to leave America the whole responsibility for global thermonuclear war, and to find the main saving here. But so long as America refuses to share control of her strategic air power, there are many who believe that Britain must keep some thermonuclear power of her own as a deterrent, however irrelevant it might be once global war broke out.

Defense Minister Duncan Sandys is now in Washington to see how far the United States will share its knowledge—and its stockpile—to relieve Britain's burden. There is good reason to believe he will return with promises of guided missiles with ranges up to 100 miles, for which Britain could provide the nuclear warheads so long as Congress continues to withhold them. This would bridge the gap left by Britain's absence of air defense, but it would leave the central problem untouched.

The likelihood is that we shall now see a period of very hard bargaining between Britain and her allies—mainly America and Germany—in which Britain will use the threat of savage cuts in her NATO contribution to force what she sees as a more equitable sharing of the common burden. But the only safe way of achieving really massive cuts would be a genuine integration of national efforts involving such specialization as to rob the European NATO members of any prospect of independence in defense. It is difficult to see the Macmillan Government aiming at this type of interdependence among allies—except perhaps in Europe through the Brussels Treaty. But since it is only the US which has anything to offer at present either in arms or knowledge, a purely European defense community would simply impose a new drain on Britain's limited resources. The logic of the situation should force Macmillan back into making a reality of NATO. Unfortunately logic may not be the deciding factor. *London*

The Terms for Unity

IT IS A hard bargain indeed that the French seek to drive in the climactic negotiations now underway for a common market among the Six—France, Italy, West Germany, Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg. Nor does this come as a surprise, for the time to exact concessions is when something of value hangs in the balance—and the common market holds out spectacular hope for the future of Europe. Under the common market treaty, scheduled to be signed within a month, tariffs between countries embracing 160 million people should drop by as much as 30 percent in the next four years; tariffs and import quotas alike would totally disappear within 15 years, and jointly-fixed tariffs would fortify the bloc against outside competition. Here is a vision splendid not only for economic prosperity but for that political "third force" envisaged in Europe as a balancer between the United States and the Soviet Union.

What France demands as a virtual condition for supporting the treaty runs counter to the worldwide diplomacy of the United States and such other powers as West Germany, quite as much as European integration runs in parallel. France insists upon inclusion of her overseas colonies in the treaty, offering to exchange favorable tariffs for the Six by the colonies in return for colonial development capital from an investment fund to be set up under the treaty. France (echoed by Belgium) wants expenditures from such a fund to amount in time to $1 billion per year, enough to make it a tremendous potential embarrassment to the Germans who accompany their thriving economic ventures in Asia and Africa with somewhat greater deference to regional political sensitivities than do the French. It is for the negotiators at Brussels to devise a means to appease French hopes without actually granting a blank check that would underwrite French colonialism in perpetuity—perhaps through a vague promise that a fund will be set up later.

Despite the 331-210 vote in the French Assembly last week approving the projected treaty in principle, informed observers caution that foes of the treaty in the Assembly may still seize upon any such vagueness as a pretext for upsetting ratification. Moreover, even should provisions for inclusion of the territories be granted now, a special ministerial session of the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs (GATT) would be necessary to grant special waivers. With such formidable obstacles yet to be surmounted it is plainly too soon to assume comfortably that a treaty will in fact be signed by summer. But the chances for a treaty in some form are good, and it is espe-

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cially encouraging that those features most helpful to ultimate political integration appear to have evoked relatively little opposition. The executive body of the European Commission to be set up under the treaty would have power to grant a "safeguard" or escape clause to a member country when it runs into balance of payment difficulties, or when a particular industry or region needs relief. As *The Economist* observes, for a council of governments to hold such authority over the tax policies of national governments or parliaments would constitute "a remarkable assault on sovereignty."

Carter and the KKK

ASA EARL CARTER, familiarly known as "Ace," the notorious professional segregationist and anti-Semite, who has been in charge of his own wing of the White Citizens Council of northern Alabama, has come a cropper. Charged with shooting two men at a Ku Klux Klan meeting in Birmingham, he had to spend some time in jail before he could find a bondsman. He had made the mistake of announcing that he would be a candidate for police commissioner in a forthcoming city election. The incumbent is naturally inclined to make sure that nothing is left undone to convict him.

Other ugly customers are involved in the affair and other arrests have been made. A woman is charged with having been an accessory after the fact. Still another person wounded in the tussle is about to be apprehended.

The shooting took place when a group of 50 or so gathered in a former movie house which Carter has rented for his purposes. In an atmosphere of old-fashioned mumbo-jumbo, everybody was hooded, dressed in full regalia, and apparently armed to the teeth. A complaint from the floor against "one-man rule" led someone on the stage—identified by a victim as Carter—to step down to the lower level and start the affray. Carter denies the imputation. He was not the man; the speech which had been heard came from a recording he had made but he himself had gone to Tuscaloosa. He admits no closer connection with the Klan than being an "advisor." He will have his hands full making good this hastily improvised alibi.

The point in this business is not that Carter seems capable of living up to his propaganda of violence but that an intimate relationship indubitably exists between at least some units of the Citizens Council and some units of the Klan. This was inevitable. The respectability claimed by and for the council could not in the nature of things be more than skin-deep. Many persons who would not dream of being klansmen were drawn into the council movement. By the same token, many klansmen were attracted to it.

So we have a kind of interlocking, with the Klan purportedly keeping its autonomy, and both outfits enjoying the cross-fertilization. It is a situation made to order for a man like Carter, who could work both sides of the street, and in between, and benefit from the cash rewards for covering so much territory. The only flaw in the setup was Carter's highhandedness. Now he is headed for his comeuppance, and that will be a grievous blow to the Citizens Council. Which is all to the good!

Plea to the President

OPPOSITION to the desegregation of Southern schools has reached new heights of lawlessness in other cities besides Birmingham since the New Year. At the same time several state legislatures are seeking out new ways to make defiance of the Supreme Court temporarily legal.

Raids and armed attacks on non-segregated buses and the bombing of Negro churches and the homes of Negro and white ministers led the Rev. Martin L. King, Jr. to call a conference of 60 leaders in the anti-segregation fight from 10 states to gather in Atlanta on Jan. 11.

> We are convinced [they said in a joint statement] that the great majority of white Southerners are prepared to accept and abide by the Supreme Law of the Land. . . . Today this conference wired Dwight D. Eisenhower, asking him to come South immediately, to make a major speech . . . urging all Southerners to accept and to abide by the Supreme Court's decisions as the Law of the Land . . . to use the weight of his great office to point out to the South the moral nature of the problems posed at home and abroad by the unsolved civil rights issue. . . .
>
> We call upon every white Southerner to realize that the major choice may no longer be segregation or integration, but anarchy or law.

On the same day, *The Montgomery Advertiser*, which never took a strong stand in all the months of the bus strike in that city, was reaching almost the same conclusion: "The issue now is no longer segregation," its editorial said. "The issue now is whether it is safe to live in Montgomery, Alabama."

Reverend King and his group do not appear to us extreme in insisting that an appeal from the President himself down through the leadership of the South is in order if law and order is to be restored.

Comes the Dawn in Asia

LITTLE DID the Communist organizers of the recent Asian Writers Conference know that Hungary would explode just when it did. As it happened, far from turning up new fellow-travelers among the 200 delegates to New Delhi, the Conference was notable for inspiring a new independence on the part of disenchanted veterans. "The days of smooth-sailing for 'front' organizations are numbered even in the uncommitted world," reports In-

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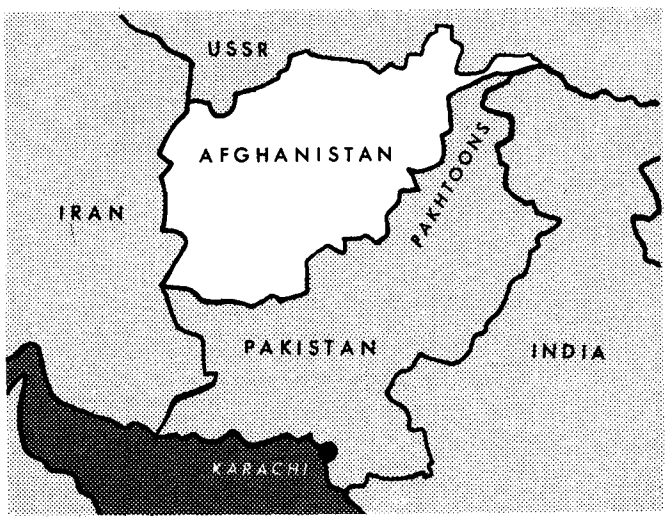
dian journalist Krishnalal Shridharani, who is also one of his country's ranking writers both in English and in his native Gujerati. "Lay sophistication about Communist tactics dawned in Europe and America some years back. Now such lay sophistication about Communist tactics is belatedly coming to Asia."

Even novelist Mulk Raj Anand, enough of a supporter of front groups in past years to have been installed as Conference secretary, sided surprisingly often with non-Communist insurgents to keep the Conference from becoming a mere political tirade against the West. The final communique praised "the spirit of freedom and the dignity of man." When the Communist caucus in the Executive Committee found it could not count upon former allies, the party stalwarts retreated to the Conference office to fight rearguard action. But first de-Stalinization and now Hungary has demoralized Communists everywhere, and the Conference went right ahead with its literary business.

A Port for the Afghans

IF THAT much-bandied word "strategic" applies anywhere, it applies to the strategic buffer fastness of Afghanistan. To the north lies the Soviet Union, to the west Iran, to the south Pakistan, and to the east disputed Kashmir. In colonial days the British fought three Afghan wars to keep the Russians contained on the northern side of the Oxus River frontier. But though the Russians were a perennial menace to the Afghans, and thereby to the Indian subcontinent, not until the withdrawal of British power in 1947 did Afghanistan become fair game. Since 1947 the Soviet Union has been able to exploit not only its favored geographical position but also the defaults and downright blunders of US diplomacy. Now the ever more powerful Soviet leverage in the Afghan economy includes a $100 million line of credit for economic development, which wields influence out of all proportion to its size in a country so small and so poor.



From the US standpoint, the crux of the problem has been Afghanistan's landlocked isolation both from Iran with its primitive communications and even from the relatively closer Pakistan port of Karachi on the Arabian Sea. With no port of their own, the Afghans have been understandably happy to do business with the Russians, who can score a big political point at a small economic cost merely by expediting traffic of badly needed petroleum supplies across the Oxus. To get oil via Pakistan, on the other hand, would mean high customs duties and unpredictable delays. There are no road or rail links between Pakistan and Afghanistan worth the name. To make matters worse, Afghanistan and Pakistan are embroiled in a rasping feud over Pakhtoon tribal areas now within Pakistan borders but claimed by Afghanistan, which has its own Pakhtoon subjects and demands a plebiscite in the contested areas. The Pakistanis, now demanding a plebiscite in Indian-held Kashmir, see the Afghan plebiscite proposal quite differently. The Afghans claim that Karachi has gone so far as to wage economic cold war by setting up border blockades.

As his contribution, Secretary Dulles in 1953 plunged the United States into this imbroglio when he granted the long-standing request for military aid made by one of the interested parties, Pakistan, in the name of collective security against the Soviet Union. In thus disregarding prior US policy under Truman, the protests of Afghanistan and India, and indeed all logic but that of the Pentagon, Dulles made Afghan-Pakistan tension worse than ever.

THE situation looked all but hopeless until last week, when the International Co-operation Administration disclosed that some of its quiet work in the region had yielded results. The Afghan and Pakistan governments have agreed to let the US finance and conduct a survey of possible Afghan port facilities in Karachi together with connected road and rail links which would enable direct Afghan access to the sea. The survey is likely to focus on construction of a transit zone in Karachi harbor for Afghan use, following the example of landlocked Latin American countries such as Bolivia and Paraguay in their arrangements with Chile and Brazil. Such a plan would presumably reduce or eliminate intervening customs duties and provide both for bonded storage in the port and bonded rail shipments to Afghanistan. Pakistan would retain sovereignty over the zonal territory itself.

So far, of course, Pakistan has committed itself to the survey and no more; conceivably, the Afghans will never actually get their port. But for the first time we now perceive hope that the economic log-jam between the two countries can be broken, and with it the Soviet economic hold over Afghanistan.

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The Superficial Aspect

As Any Didymus Can See

AFTER the Inaugural Address the most implacable critic of the Eisenhower Administration must allow it credit for one thing—somewhere it has found a better speech-writer than it ever had before. The sentiments professed in the address are impeccable and its sonority rises above that of any of Eisenhower's prior utterances. Consider, for example, the economy of words in which the utter damnation of isolationism is pronounced:

> No nation can any longer be a fortress, lone and strong and safe. And any people, seeking such shelter for themselves, can now build only their prison.

Grim truth, that is, and admirably stated. Any Didymus, doubting its accuracy, has only to look around him, contrasting the situation of the United States in 1957 with its situation in 1953.

Four years ago this country had just finished a fight in which it had the military backing of 16 nations, and the moral support of 30-odd more. We faced the rising threat of Communism with a solid phalanx of all the free nations in the world, and tyranny could find nowhere a break in the line of spears.

Today the alliance is shattered. In the place where two of our strongest supporters, Britain and France, once stood there is now, in the Administration's own words, an immense vacuum. The Middle East is raging against us. North Africa, from the Nile to the Atlantic, is raging against us. The rest of Africa and Southeast Asia are snarling. If some outpost, say Formosa, were attacked tomorrow, what friend of the United States could spare a single battalion to come to our aid? It is only too plain that for the past four years we have been building only our prison.

The worst of it is that this loss has not been balanced by a single compensatory gain. On the contrary, in the words of the address, "rarely has this earth known such peril as today." Some call it a gain that the budget has been balanced, ignoring the fact that it has been balanced at $72 billion, and that only in case the phenomenal business activity of the past year not merely continues, but continues to increase. The national debt is greater than it was when we were fighting for our lives. The burden of armament, plus payment for past wars, swallows all but 22 cents out of each dollar of the government's revenues. There is no margin of safety, and the slightest set-back to business would be disastrous. We are more completely fettered today than we were four years ago.

The obvious inference is that the President was insincere, but even a superficial observer knows better than that. The man is not an isolationist, openly or secretly. He meant what he said. He is merely the confused victim of bad advice, trapped by the characteristic incapacity of the professional soldier to master the realities of civilian politics in a democracy.

The tone of the Inaugural Address suggests that he is at last beginning to realize the truth. It is hard to recall an occasion when a country enjoying abounding prosperity heard such a gloomy pronouncement—and one is not cheered by remembering that the President has access to more information than any other man in the country. There is here a curious echo of the way Harding talked in the first half of 1923, when he was beginning to be aware of the abyss that was opening at his feet, although the public did not guess it.

Harding's gloom was occasioned by the revelation of corruption in his own official household, threatening the political ruin of Harding. Eisenhower's is worse than that. It is occasioned by the revelation that his foreign policy is not achieving the results desired, threatening not merely Eisenhower, but the United States and the world.

A MAN betrayed by his trusted friends is a melancholy spectacle, but the tragic spectacle is a man betrayed, not by villains, but by the fact that his best efforts, made in honesty and sincerity, have not proved adequate. If some suspicion that this is his case is creeping upon Eisenhower, there is no need to look further for an explanation of his grim mood.

However, he has courage, the basis of fine statecraft. For all its solemn tone the speech was not a wail. If the President has begun to realize the inadequacy of the course he has been pursuing, surely we may rely on him to change it, regardless of any embarrassment that may attend a confession of error. Two doubts, however, cloud optimism.

One is that Eisenhower may not realize that the inadequacy of his course hitherto has not been its direction, but lack of vigor in pursuing it when vigor might bring him into conflict with some leaders of his own party. The other is his physical ability to sustain a long and gruelling contest. If Eisenhower will and can not only hold the office but actually be President for the next four years, the situation may prove to be not nearly as bad as many people suspect.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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Our Stake in the State of Israel

Will we abandon "Our one secure bastion" in the Middle East, only to fight alone in the end?

by REINHOLD NIEBUHR

THE TRAGIC epic of the people of Hungary has so enthralled the imagination of the world that we are in danger of being indifferent to another drama of current history, which is invested with a peculiar pathos and which may end in tragedy because of our blindness.

To appreciate the full flavor of the drama of the state of Israel one must recount its history from the beginning, and even from the beginnings before its birth. The calendar beginning of Israel was the United Nations resolution, which sanctioned the new state, and the heroic battle which the nascent nation waged against the Arab nations, sworn to throttle Israel in its cradle. Thus the state's birth was both a gift from the world community and an achievement of the redoubtable army which the little nation was able to organize. It will be remembered that the Arab nations defeated in that conflict were then, as now, without unity or effective discipline, and that a young lieutenant of the Egyptian army, by the name of Nasser, was so moved by the shame of the defeat that he resolved on the overthrow of the corrupt Farouk monarchial regime, which symbolized the impotence of Egypt so perfectly.

But there were other beginnings before this calendar birth, without which the obvious beginning would not be explicable. Among those there was the dream of the young Jewish intellectual, turned Zionist, Theodore Herzl, who conceived of a homeland for a homeless nation; and the dream of a British Jewish scientist, Chaim Weizmann, who persuaded a reluctant British Government, holding a mandate in Palestine, to commit itself after World War I to the Balfour Declaration which promised to provide a "homeland" for the Jews in Palestine. Nationhood was not promised, but the declaration permitted a more generous Jewish immigration to Palestine though the rate of immigration was a constant source of friction between the Jews and Britain. The British naturally hoped to contain the Jewish homeland within the bounds of their imperial system and to guard the rights of the indigenous Arabs in a bi-national state. Indeed there were religious, rather than political, Zionists who thought that such a state would furnish the best solution for the problem of justice between Jews and Arabs. The famed Jewish philosopher, Martin Buber, and the late rector of the Hebrew University, Judah Magnus, were proponents of this plan, though it was probably unrealistic to expect an Arab majority gradually to accept a minority status, particularly when its loyalty would be divided between the pull of kinship and the pull of traditional homeland in Palestine.

Actually this modus vivendi was overwhelmed by the events which followed in the wake of the catastrophic fate of the Jews in the Nazi period. One hopes that the nascent anti-Semitism of the present period will be somewhat assuaged by a remembrance of these events, by a

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reminder of the fact that millions of Jews perished in the gas ovens and concentration camps of Hitler's Germany, and that the remnant found the continued insecurity of a corrupt Europe intolerable. Jewish immigration flooded Palestine and the uneasy conscience of the world as a result of the Nazi atrocities, and the humanitarian interest in finding security for the Jews of Europe, together with the sheer necessity of the Jews, created political forces which finally resulted in invalidating the British mandate, in prompting the United Nations to grant statehood to the nascent nation, and in assuring the new country of the passive sympathy of the non-Jewish world and the active sympathy of the Jews of the world, particularly the most numerous and prosperous Jewry of the United States.

Since then the new state has opened its doors to Jews from all over the world, has integrated them into a new community, whether they be from the backward culture of Yemen or the most advanced European cultures. It brought the most advanced techniques into the service of the new community, irrigated deserts in order to create orange groves and built a healthy industrial life through the skills of its people. Of course these miracles of integration and creativity would not have been possible without the continued financial support of world Jewry and particularly of the Jews of America, though critics who emphasize this fact usually do not consider that the oil royalties which flow into the Arab states exceed in value even these generous subsidies. But only a trickle of this oil wealth is used for raising the miserable standards of these moribund Islamic nations.

The history of the new state of Israel is thrilling in many respects. It represents a remarkable co-operation of "capitalistic" European and American Jews with the essentially socialist Jews of Israel. For the prevailing political ideology of Israel was determined by the Polish Jewish socialists, turned Zionists, so completely typified by the robust Prime Minister of today, Ben-Gurion. The collective farms or "kibbutzim" are, in fact, based upon rather doctrinaire socialist principles of the 19th Century, and are probably too consistently collectivist in their attitude toward family life to satisfy our robust individualism. A witty Jewish Oxford don, a friend of Chaim Weizmann, has given it as his opinion that Israel is served by the German Jews, who became honest and skillful "bureaucrats" and scientists, and by the Polish Jews who furnish the ideology and the political skill of the new state. Certainly the effective leadership of the state is divided between the German and the Polish Jews.

Cafe in Israel

THE co-operation between the religious Jews and the essentially secular idealists in the new state is equally worthy of note. Zionism is a political dream of religious origin, and before the Nazi period it was nourished only among those who were poor and orthodox, rather than among the "liberal" and assimilated and prosperous Jews. Hitler's persecutions changed all this and made Zionism popular in the congregations of liberal Judaism. From a religious standpoint one might say that it became too popular because the liberal rabbis were as preoccupied with Hitler for two decades as they are now with Nasser, so that even a Christian, with sympathies for Zionism, such as the present writer, can appreciate the protests of the anti-Zionist "Council for Judaism," which believes that political and nationalistic preoccupations of the rabbis imperil the religious substance of Judaism as a monotheistic faith.

It is a fact, however, that liberal versions of Judaism have found no lodging place in the new state of Israel. The religious Jews are orthodox and to such a degree that, if they would have their way, they would fasten upon this essentially secular community political standards directly derived from the book of Deuteronomy, which would, among other embarrassments, make the life of a modern woman intolerable. During the meeting of the World Council of Churches, held in Amsterdam in 1948, one of the members of the council was approached by an orthodox rabbi from Jerusalem with the suggestion that the religious Jews of Israel would like the support of Christians for their effort to create a religious state. He was very much surprised to be told that this Protestant assembly had just condemned religious political parties, that it avowed secular politics for the sake of religious principles and that it abhorred a sacerdotal state.

It is as a matter of fact one of the marvels of the new state that a religious party (informed by an archaic piety) and a secular party (informed by a rather self-conscious

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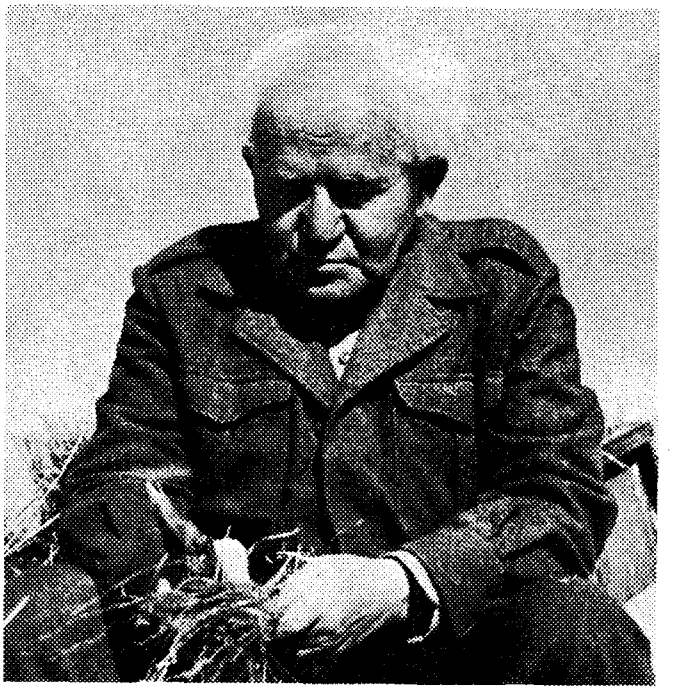
secular enlightenment) could co-operate in building the new nation. This miracle can only be explained by the force of the overarching national loyalty, the different interpretations which Ben-Gurion and the orthodox rabbis place upon the traditional liturgies and festivals of the Jewish faith, which are undoubtedly religious but are susceptible to political and cultural interpretations. A shrewd Israeli journalist informed the present writer that the chasm between the two groups prompted abandonment of the plan of writing a constitution for the new state. It was a wise move because the chasm could not have been bridged by any legal arrangement but only by the pressures and creativities of actual history. It must be counted as one of the achievements of American liberal religious Jews that they have not allowed either the doctrinaire secularism or the archaic religion to dampen the ardor of their support of Israel.

In any event it is apparent that no nation has ever come into being through a confluence of so many political and cultural and religious factors as this new state. The economic and spiritual investments in it by the West are very great. So also is our strategic stake. For Israel is the only sure strategic anchor of the democratic world, particularly since Khrushchev and Nasser have proved that Islam is not as immune to Communism as had been supposed, but is, rather, an almost ideal ground for the growth of nationalism posing as Communism and Communism posing as nationalism.

THE question for us is how we can save the state from annihilation, for it is still the sworn intent not only of Nasser but of the whole Arab world to destroy it. There is in fact a real pathos in the fact that the Jews should have exchanged the insecurity of Europe for the collective insecurity of the Middle East. The West did not reckon with the depth of the Arab spirit of vengeance, nor did it appreciate that this technically efficient democracy would exacerbate the ancient feud between the Jews and the Arabs. For Israel is an offense to the Arab world for three reasons:

1. It has claimed by conquest what the Arabs regard as their soil; and Denis Brogan may be right (*NR*, Dec. 17, 1956) in declaring that this is one modern state which has been brought into being by force of arms. The West and the Jews may claim the previous Jewish right to the soil of Palestine, but we tend to forget that this right evaporated some thousands of years ago and that the Arabs are not impressed by the prophecies of the Old Testament, at least not by the political relevance of these prophecies. So strong is this Arab feeling that no Arab leader has yet promised to confer with Israel directly about any mutual problem.

2. This enmity has been increased by the problem of the refugees whom the Arab states will not resettle and whom the Jews cannot absorb except in small numbers without imperiling the security of their nation, because the refugees are sworn enemies of the new state. I do not pretend to judge between the Arab claims that they were driven out and the Jewish claims that they fled or were called out during the war. Both claims may be partially true or true in some sense. The point is that the refugees are a constant source of anti-Israel animus in the region.



Prime Minister Ben-Gurion

3. The third cause of trouble is even more potent. The state of Israel is, by its very technical efficiency and democratic justice, a source of danger to the moribund feudal or pastoral economics and monarchical political forms of the Islamic world and a threat to the rich overlords of desperately poor peasants of the Middle East. It is also a threat to those Islamic religious people who delight in the "organic" quality of this ancient life and who know that modern techniques would certainly destroy the old way of life in the process of lifting the burden of the poor.

The sources of enmity are in fact so many that it is idle to expect to pacify the region by even the most ambitious plan for the development of the economic resources of the whole region. All such proposals do not gauge the depth and the breadth of the Arab spirit of vengeance correctly. It is of such proportions that even an erstwhile pro-Zionist may be permitted to doubt whether it was right for the Western world to push its unsolved problem upon the Middle East where there was so much tinder for conflagration. Zionism was, of course, unthinkable without the original religious impetus, even though the statesmanlike achievements of the modern state are purely secular. But perhaps these qualms are irrelevant, for it is

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not possible to roll history back, and it has been proved that we cannot wean the Arabs from their passions by equivocation in regard to Israel.

The simple fact is that all schemes for political appeasement and economic co-operation must fail unless there is an unequivocal voice from us that we will not allow the state to be annihilated and that we will not judge its desperate efforts to gain some strategic security (by holding on to the Gaza Strip and demanding access to the Gulf of Aqaba, for instance) as an illegitimate use of force. The fact is that our new pacifism, which seems to avoid the danger of becoming involved in the ultimate globar war by disavowing all local wars, actually exposes us to the danger which Chamberlain overlooked at Munich. That is the danger of abandoning strategic fortresses in the interest of "peace in our time" only to be forced to fight in the end without those fortresses. It is risky for our nation to declare that we regard the security and integrity of Israel as important to our national interest. But it is not more risky than the statement we made about the Baghdad Pact nations. Meanwhile it will be well to remember that the Russians are as anxious as we are to avoid the ultimate conflict. They are more likely to yield to an unequivocal word than to respect vacillation. Their own troubles might drive them to desperate ventures. But the disintegration of their empire has proceeded rapidly enough to make it quite certain that a general war would not unify but would destroy whatever unity they still have. That is why strategic shrewdness is more important now than the lofty platitudes on which Nehru and Eisenhower seemed so fervently to agree. We always have the problem of the uncommited nations of Asia and Africa. But we dare not forget that in the Middle East we have the problem of a direct strategic intervention by Russia in the so-called uncommitted world.

Girl soldier

The location of the state of Israel may have been a mistake; though the confluence of historical forces made it unavoidable. The birth and growth of the nation is a glorious spiritual and political achievement. Its continued existence may require detailed economic strategies for the whole region and policies for the resettlement of the Arab refugees. But the primary condition of its existence is our word that we will not allow "any nation so conceived and so dedicated to perish from the earth." Nehru, representing India, is a bridge between East and West. Ambiguous words from him may be proper. But we are not a bridge, but the great hegemonous power of the free world. Equivocal words by us are highly improper. Life and death depend upon a clear policy.

The ultimate in strategic confusion was reached in the United Nations Assembly resolution of January 19. The usual, fashionable majority of Russia, America and the Arab-Asian bloc decreed that the Israelis must leave the Gaza Strip and the Gulf of Aqaba, and censured them for not obeying the "forthwith" resolution of some weeks ago with the speed which Mr. Krishna Menon and his able lieutenant, Mr. Cabot Lodge, desired. The Israelis were tardy in heeding the wishes of the United Nations resolution because they wanted guarantees about the passage of Israeli ships through the Suez Canal and they also argued that the emergency force of the United Nations would have to take over the Gaza Strip and the approaches to the Gulf of Aqaba if they were to have any security against further Egyptian raids and if the port of Elath was to be freed for commerce. The freeing of that port would, incidentally, permit an alternative oil pipeline to the Mediterranean and so make the West less dependent upon Nasser. But our strategy is more intent on wooing the monarchs than on establishing alternative routes for the vital oil, the possession and transportation of which gives Nasser and the monarchs such a power over the economy of Europe and the UN's strategy.

The Assembly discussed the possibility of the deployment of the emergency force for such a purpose, but Menon warned that this would have to be negotiated with Nasser. The prospect of success was so remote that the Assembly gave up and simply ordered the Israelis out. Subsequently the Arab-Asian bloc has proposed economic sanctions if they do not obey. The Western European nations regard this spectacle of strategic confusion with increasing contempt. The same powerful nation whose President seeks stand-by authority to resist Communist aggression in the Middle East is meanwhile confused in co-operating with the pawns of Russia to destroy our only secure bastion in this troubled area. One wonders whether this strategic confusion can be quite as stupid as it seems to be. Could the British be right when they suggest that American oil interests, particularly in Saudi Arabia, whose monarch is presently paying us a visit, are determining this policy? That might make some kind of sense out of what seems otherwise a policy of complete strategic nonsense.

Perhaps the footnote should be added that a Washington official expressed disappointment about Nasser's continued intransigence. Evidently it was felt that gratitude should have moderated his excessive demands. If this be the calculation, the State Department does not know Nasser as well as he knows himself. Just as Hitler before him, he achieved all his ends by inordinate demands. Why should the sentiment of gratitude deter him from his triumphant course, particularly since we seem so intent on removing any road blocks to his progress?

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Money Matters

by HELEN HILL MILLER

"THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT alone cannot successfully combat inflation without the earnest co-operation of all individuals and groups of our citizens," Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey declared at his press conference on January 16.

> . . . As emphasized in the State of the Union message, business leaders and labor leaders, through their wage and price policies, must make their full, constructive contribution. All other groups must also contribute to the common effort.

Questioned further as to whether federal expenditures, especially for defense, could be cut, he replied:

> I would certainly deplore the day that we thought we couldn't ever reduce expenditures of this terrific amount, the terrific tax we are taking out of the country. If we don't over a long period of time, I will predict that you will have a depression that will curl your hair, because we are just taking too much money out of this economy that we need to make the jobs that you have to have as time goes on.

At his press conference on January 23, in contrast, President Eisenhower said:

> From the very time that I first agreed to enter politics, one of the questions that has been put to me most is, "What would you do to prevent a depression of the character that we experienced in the Thirties?" My answer has always been, I should do everything that was constitutional and the federal government could do. I do not believe there is any cure you can prescribe in advance for that sort of thing. But I do want to point out there is no such thing in prospect at this time.

There seems to be some divergence of view here on the long-run potential of the inflationary forces now recognized to be working on the economy.

What are these pressures? Now that the President's Economic Message and Report as well as the new federal budget are available, some hard figures can be quoted. The Economic Report includes the cautious statement:

> Uncertainties are always present, however, and allowances must be made for them. One of the most important stems from the present international situation. A second relates to the movement of prices. While the moderate upward drift of the price level may not yet have run its course, enlarged output, improved productivity, and vigorous competition, supported by appropriate public and private policies, can help counteract the forces making for higher prices.

What indicators show that such forces are in action? Wholesale prices are up. Consumer prices are up. The price of money is up.

★

Ten years ago, the Employment Act placed on the federal government a broad measure of responsibility for the country's economic well-being: the Economic Report to Congress devotes an impressive section to "The Diffusion of Well-Being, 1946-56." Full employment was the 1946 objective, and full employment there is, in spite of the fact that over the decade the labor force has increased by 9.4 million. This December, 64.5 million Americans were at work.

But contrary to expectations at the time of passage of the 1946 Act, the Nation's economic problem has turned out not to be an employment problem. All through World War II, a generation that had come to maturity during the Great Depression dreaded another Great Depression as soon as the fighting was over. The political background of the Employment Act was a desire to get government countervailing programs into action immediately a downturn appeared.

But when the war ended, pent-up demand outran productive capacity, pushed prices up and up, applied enough political pressure to sweep away the rationing and other restraints that had intervened during the war between the purchaser and the market place. At the same time, industrial investment for retooling and equipment, based on technology discovered in military action and now available for industrial use, paralleled consumer demand for finished goods. Instead of depression the postwar period started with a brisk inflationary fillip. With backing and filling in 1948-49 and 1953-54, and with a sharp upward jab at the time of Korea, the trend throughout the postwar decade has been inflationary.

Politically, inflation is very different from depression. For most people, inflation is a pleasure. Though people dependent on fixed incomes get pinched, the great bulk of the population is in a position to ride the price spiral, and the ride is exhilarating. As long as rising prices cover rising costs—as long, that is, as demand for marked-up

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goods is still there to take the goods off the market—any suggestion that the economy would be better off if it calmed down a bit strikes a sour note.

Yet there is a point at which the sustaining demand disappears from an inflated economy. At this point, cost structures that have been built up underneath rising prices —larger payments for raw materials, wages, new installations, capital funds—squeeze out profit margins, force sales below cost, set off a round of cutbacks. Then unemployment and depression materialize fast.

In other words, the depression that was feared at war's end was a threat one step removed—first inflation, then unemployment. But it is no less real for being the second event in a sequence.

★

Three different groups of economic decision-makers have recently been taking, or preparing to take, exceptional amounts out of the economy.

In 1955, American consumers, high-pressured by competing auto salesmen, pushed new car production to a record 7,950,000 vehicles. And they parked their new cars along the streets and in the carports of proliferating new subdivisions which gave the housing industry a 1.3 million unit, $16.5 billion season.

In 1956, business plans for expansion broke even the high records of previous years: new plants, new processes, new equipment were installed from coast to coast. The investment totalled about $35 billion.

And now in 1957, the Administration announces a record-for-peace-time federal budget for the fiscal year 1958 proposing a government outlay of $71.8 billion. The new obligational authority requested in this budget, points to still higher spending levels next year; at the same time, the government's cash surplus, whose existence has a disinflationary effect, is expected to be smaller this year than last, and smaller again next year.

Widening use of credit has accompanied the successive bulges in private demand. In 1955, outstanding consumer installment debt jumped by $5.5 billion, and went up by another $3.4 billion last year. Commercial bank loans went up by $11.5 billion in 1955 and again by an estimated $7.9 billion in 1956. Interest rates have reached levels unknown since 1930.

★

Does this mean that the economy is getting ready to blow its top, that the nation already has an appointment for the free permanent that Secretary Humphrey suggested is possible? The two-and-a-half year old boom will not end in a bust—though few experts believe that inflation will not continue its creep for some months to come—if any or all of several kinds of economic impact turn out to be strong enough:

► Leeway may be introduced into the situation by the fact that consumer demand for durable goods, while not sagging, is less ebullient than it was two years ago. And at the same time that individuals are investing less in this kind of goods, they are saving more. When they save, they not only hold down immediate demand in the market; their funds enable some bank, or savings and loan institution, or insurance company, or bond-or-stock issuing corporation, or unit of government to respond to other calls for credit.

► Decision-making bodies of corporations and trade unions, concerned with setting prices and negotiating wage contracts, may take an extra look at the available limits of demand and be warned. In a time of brisk trade, the professional glares with which representatives of management and labor face each other across bargaining tables have a synthetic quality about them, based on a mutual knowledge that when added costs are passed on to the consumer, wages can be increased and profits maintained. (Last year's steel settlement radiated this synthetic quality.) But their common interest would be shocked if the consumer turned out not to be there any more.

► The desirability of spreading capital expansion over a period of years may gain acceptance. Some companies will go right ahead with their expansion: if the board of each of two hotly-competing organizations is convinced that its opposite number will undertake cost-reducing, capacity-increasing improvements this year, its own plans will not be halted by any general interest in business stability. The inter-company competition that produced an automotive production record in 1955 and an automotive slump in 1956 illustrates a process familiar in investment as well as output schedules.

Business appreciation of its own self-interest is certain to be heightened by moral suasion from Administration quarters. The impact of top Republican officials on the judgment of the board room can be considerable. It was considerable last year when the objective was to keep things in good shape for the election in November. Present impact may be less because longer-range. Yet it will be a factor in the situation.

But whatever decisions, good or bad, are made in the areas of private economic responsibility, the major policy battles of 1957 are likely to take place in the area of public responsibility. In part, this is due to the size of the current budget. But in far larger part, it is due to public concern about priorities in the use of national resources.

With a rapidly increasing, rapidly urbanized population, facilities of the kind supplied by public authorities —schools, roads, hospitals, water supplies—are falling rapidly behind requirements. State and local government bodies, seeking funds to work off their backlog of needs, are finding it next to impossible to get funds at anything like the rates of interest that they have paid over the last generation; in many places, statutory limitations preclude paying rates above a certain figure.

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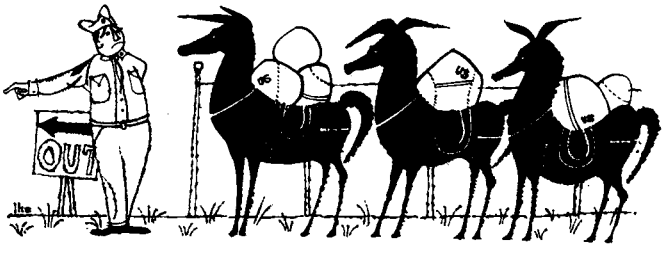
Last year, as the price of money rose, the differential credit provisions in various Congressional statutes—for instance for veterans buying houses or home-owners financed under FHA—ceased to exist except on paper, since money could not be found at the lower rates. Small business likewise felt the competitive pinch. Election-year pressures and the falling off of construction activity caused the Administration to adopt, in the autumn, several measures easing the pinch on home-owners mortgage funds; it likewise lessened small business stringencies by adding to the Small Business Administration's revolving loan fund. But the far larger credit needs of state and local governments, whose debt has grown in the 1946-56 decade from $13.6 billion to $42.7 billion, have been increasingly unmet.

This situation is likely to touch off real debate. Public conviction persists that if there isn't enough credit to go round, some means should be found for channelling the available supply to cover urgent needs. Elliott Bell, publisher of *Business Week* and New York State Bank Superintendent under Governor Dewey, when he testified before the Joint Economic Committee of Congress in December, proposed establishment of a National Economic Council, to make decisions among economic priorities somewhat as the National Security Council makes them in diplomatic and military matters. This proposal finds resistance inside and outside government. The existence of a body in the executive branch making decisions on access to credit could infringe the independence of the Federal Reserve—Alfred Hayes, president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, has warned against "giving the government too much power over the allocation of savings to various sectors of the economy." Important Administration circles at the same time deplore the introduction of government judgments in place of those of the market place, pointing to agriculture as a horrid example of government intervention.

Yet in the past, when the judgment of the market place has been harsher than the public was willing to bear, legislation has been passed to mitigate it—it was after the panic of 1907 that Congress set up the Federal Reserve Board as trustee of the country's money supply. The Banking and Currency Committee chairmen in both the House and the Senate and the Joint Committee on the Economic Report have held recent hearings and will take an active part in the coming debate.

One of the matters these committees of Congress will take up is the President's request in the State of the Union address for authority to set up a commission of "able and qualified citizens" to examine "the nature, performance and adequacy of our financial system, both in terms of its direct service to the whole economy and in terms of its function as the mechanism through which monetary and credit policy takes effect."

A sharp struggle over who shall do the inquiring impends, but the pertinence of such an examination is enhanced by the expectation that the country's growing economy will keep on growing, and that so long as this is the case, credit restraints are likely to be continued. In 1956 the nation's output of goods and services, valued at $412 billion, was $21.5 billion greater than in 1955. But only about half of that gain represented a gain in real output, more goods available for more people. The other half was just markup. Mark-ups accomplish nothing—except to rob the dollar of its value—and consumers who are reminded of all their price tags as they watch the figures flipping up at their filling-station gas pump are going to continue to howl. As long as the country's resources—though enormous—are not enough to go round, means of seeing to it that they are used to meet the needs felt to be greatest will attract high priority on Capitol Hill.



Are the Joint Chiefs Erring Again?

THEY ARE mustering out the last of the Army mules at Fort Carson, Colorado; mollies with 30 years of devoted service, horse mules in the bloom of youth. And some of us are pretty cut up about it. We wonder if the Joint Chiefs of Staff have kept their feet out of the mud for too long. We foresee the day when the planners in the Pentagon call for the mules to come to their rescue, and there are no mules around to respond.

The mules themselves are taking the whole thing in a philosophical manner, although most of them will go to the renderers when they are put up on the auction block. They stand around in the yards at Carson, biting each other, watering certain favored spots, doing a lot of deep thinking, and enjoying the winter sun. But the men who care for the mules are subdued and apprehensive. They fear that the Joint Chiefs have concluded that the next war will be fought in fair weather. What if the Joint Chiefs are wrong? "You know something," one veteran sergeant said to me, "the greatest Generals in the Army paid millions of dollars to the smartest men they could find to perfect a mechanical mule. Sure it runs in nice weather. And you know what happens to it in eight inches of mud? It lies down and quits. I wouldn't trade

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all the mechanical mules in the Army," he added, "for Calfhead here."

We were leaning against the fence of the mule yard, watching the sergeant's squad of recruits sweeping up the output of the previous day. And Calfhead was mouthing my shoulder in an intimate sort of way. "Will he bite?" I asked. "Not if he likes you," said the sergeant. "He'll size you up and if he decides you're not scared of him, he won't bite you."

"I'll do my best to fool him," I said. And I succeeded. Calfhead did no more than pull large chunks of fabric out of my coat. I was greatly relieved. "No doubt he's called Calfhead," I said, "because he's easily fooled."

"No," said the sergeant. "He looks like a calf, so that was just naturally the name they gave him: Calfhead. Real gentle," he added. "Now that black mule, that Hammerhead, he'd kick the sweetening off a ginger cake. Grabbed me by the left cheek once," said the sergeant, rubbing his rear; "lifted me up and shook me like a dog, Hammerhead did."

"He's supposed to look like a hammer?"

"No. But I was talking to a civilian once, like we're talking now and he reached down and seized hold of him here," said the sergeant, feeling for a tender place. "We had to take a hammer to his head before he let go."

"Logical names you give them all," I remarked. "That's right," the sergeant said. "That gray one there is Hairbelly. You can see why. Now that brown mule," he added, "he's another mean one. Name of Babcock. That's because he doesn't like G.I.'s any more than old Judge Babcock down in Colorado Springs."

A large black mule backed up towards us, twisting his neck and looking sidelong to line us up. "Whoa there, Mankiller!" the Sergeant said.

SOME of us wonder if Admiral Radford is responsible for the decision to do away with the mules. If that is so, may his action not be traced to his unfamiliarity with mules, after a life spent on the sea? The disciplined soldiers at Carson do not speak of these dark things. But they do express the hope that the Joint Chiefs and the public understand how loyal are the hearts of the nation's mules. Lt. Col. Karl Brenner, the Post Veterinarian at Carson, goes further. He maintains that mules are more gracious and more considerate than horses. There may be a few knotheads among them, Colonel Brenner concedes: so there are among men. Why, he asks, should these few be permitted to give the others a bad name? Some mules, he admits, are a trifle belligerent when they first visit his hospital. That is because they are uneasy. A few lumps of sugar, says Colonel Brenner, a little affection, and the meanest of mules will bend over backward to help a man along.

"A personal loss is involved for all of us," the Colonel sighs. "But we try to take the larger view. And, in search of consolation I have thought of this: perhaps we are doing the mules a kindness by divorcing them from our wars. Perhaps from this divorcement a finer partnership based upon peace, will grow. After all," said the Colonel, "here you see only the glamorous aspect of life with the mules"—a thought which had not struck me as I watched the recruits cleaning out the yard—"but at the front the mule suffers—without complaining, of course. Perhaps man must fight," the Colonel added, "but he need not drag the mule into his wars. That," he ended, "is the only consolation I can discover in our present sadness."

AND why not be sad? A great part of the Army's tradition and glory is being cast aside with the mules. In gratitude, and no doubt in guilt, a full-scale review was held at Carson in honor of the last 300 mules. Two thousand spectators came to pay them homage. The 175th Army band played the adjutant's call and retreat. Major General Henry Storke, commanding, reviewed the procession. A solemn ceremony followed. Trotter, the four-gaited showpiece of the 35th Q.M. Pac Company, received a citation on behalf of his fellows. Hambone, the temperamental hero of the 4th battalion who had soared higher than the finest horses in high jumping contests, accepted an award which ended: "In view of your outstanding achievements, your refusal to perform such menial tasks as carrying a pack and your refraining from associating with other mules are hereby recognized as privileges specifically awarded to you." Many eyes were wet. But then the colors of the 4th and the 35th were lowered—for good. "A luxury we can no longer afford to keep," the unhappy General admitted.

Southward into Mexico; Westward against the Indians; Eastward over New Guinea; Northward up the backbone of Italy and through the mountains of Korea, the mules bore the Army. And now they are to be discarded—we can no longer afford to keep them. The domestic pennypinchers have succeeded where all the foreign enemies of the United States had failed.

Thirty-one helicopters are taking the place of the last 300. Helicopters. "Hell!" cried an old sergeant at Carson in anguish, "I'd like to see a helicopter deliver 300 pounds of supplies to the top of Cheyenne mountain in a 50 mile gale! I'd like to see it go with the men into swamps, or through sleet and snow!"

As I say: there are some of us who don't mind being kicked and bitten in the name of national security. We suspect that mud is going to be with us for a while yet; and sleet, and high winds. Accordingly, we view with alarm. As one spokesman for loyal servants of the nation who chose not to plead their own case, I am ready, if summoned, to offer further argument on this matter, before the Military Affairs Committees of House or Senate, in open or executive session.

Colorado Springs MICHAEL STRAIGHT

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The New Lost Generation

by Sam Astrachan

JAMES BYRON DEAN made just three films before he died, but, as a newly discovered movie actor, he was immediately successful in a way that in the last ten years of Hollywood only Marlon Brando has been. In both instances, their popularity stemmed less from their abilities than from the kind of roles they played both on and off the screen.

The early Brando films, *Streetcar Named Desire, The Men* and *The Wild One,* presented to us an actor who regardless of his actual talents (considerable as they may be, he has never grown out of his original Broadway role) was a recognizable symbol. In the newspapers, we had read of the motorcycle clubs, and Dos Passos, Farrell, Algren and the lesser writers of the thirties, as well as Faulkner and the more shimmering lights of the Southern renaissance of the forties, had prepared us for the animal savagery and unnecessary violence of the Chicago emigré, Stanley Kowalsky.

However, though one might sympathize with the roles Brando played, it was easier to sympathize with Brando himself. He was under analysis, had read *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter* nine times, and wore jeans. The columnists were out to get him, but Kazan was his sponsor. Like Marilyn Monroe, Sinatra and Shelley Winters, he was a member of the blue team. He was an actor of integrity, and integrity (no matter what it meant in these instances) has always been prized, and has always been saleable. His special brand of integrity was, it seemed finally, a certain technique, and when Hollywood effected the money-cure, he was seen in photographs wearing dinner clothes, smiling too sweetly and acting in films through which he romped as if nothing were required of him but his technique and a less monstrous betrayal of the English language.

Dean's starring roles, similar to Brando's in literary derivations, were of a quite different nature. In *The Men,* Brando, a paraplegic, is first motivated by hate and self-pity, but does finally regain sufficient courage to face up to his physical position. In *The Wild One,* we are allowed to make judgments. There is a right and a wrong, and it is only when Brando sees that he has been wrong that there is any hope for him.

BUT in each of the Dean roles, the distinguishing elements are the absence of his knowing who he is, and what is right and wrong. Dean is always mixed-up and it is this that has made him so susceptible to teen-age adulation. His habits and his attitudes, exaggerated reflections of those of many youths, are seen all over the country. The red jacket he wore in *Rebel Without a Cause* is, just as the black leather jacket of the motorcyclists and their admirers, a part of a uniform. The dangling cigarette, the slurred uncommunicative speech, the half-amused smile as he says without enthusiasm in that language derived from Hemingway through Dizzy Gillespie, "Man, that's the greatest," are the accepted passports of the directionless rebels of Dean's generation.

In *Rebel Without a Cause,* rebellion is made not against parents or the law, but against the universal conditions of life. All parents are incompetent except the father-image psychologist (we have seen him before as the social worker). The children do not rebel against the "bad" or the "good," but against ALL. In search of love, they are acquitted of any breach of the law or of morality. In *East of Eden,* Dean's brother who has believed in right and wrong, is destroyed by Dean when he cruelly reveals to him that their mother has become a madam. And the inane implication is: what's the point of believing in morality when one day you might discover that your mother is living in the next town, running a brothel? In *Giant,* we are expected to sympathize with the illiterate, alcoholic Jett Rink because, poor chap, he's always loved Elizabeth Taylor (as if that could redeem anyone). The fact of his ruthlessness, his disregard of others, is portrayed on the screen, but after all —one is supposed to say—he's had a hard time of it.

In James Dean, his movie roles, his life and his death, there is a general lack of identity. He is supposedly like all the rest of us and to criticize him would be self-criticism. The poet Frank O'Hara claims that Dean was murdered by the people he rebelled against:

> He has banked into your wall
> of air, your hubris, racing
> towards your heights and you
> have cut him from your table
> which is built, how unfairly
> for us! not on trees, but on clouds.

That Dean was killed in a traffic accident that he was certainly at least partially responsible for is forgotten. Yet, Mister O'Hara is as correct as anyone in his judgment formulated in the mumble-jumble of Dean morality. Why can't we blame society for making us find release in speed? Why can't we blame Hollywood for its false life from which Dean found release only in Bongo drums and European racing cars? Why indeed?

SAUL BELLOW, Herbert Gold and James Baldwin, three of our best younger writers, have in the last year each published a book portraying men who (to borrow from the title of Gold's book) are not with it. These books, *Seize The Day, The Man Who Was Not With It,* and *Giovanni's Room,* taken in the year of the popular success of Colin Wilson's *The Outsider,* represent a trend and more than a trend—an observation, the honesty of which is indisputable. But when one can also observe that without any change of expression, James Dean could have played Gold's carnival peace-time enlistee, and Baldwin's quasi-homosexual (we will leave Bellow's Tommy Wilhelm for the more mature talents of Marlon Brando), then we do, perhaps, have a basis for criticism.

The lack of identity that exists in James Dean also exists in the characters of these three authors. Baldwin, unable to finally commit his character to homosexuality, leaves him on a foreign shore unsure even of his sexual nature. Gold's hero rejects one father, finds another and then rejects him, and is finally fatherless, though still in search of a father. And it

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is Tommy Wilhelm's realization of his lack of identity that ends *Seize the Day*.

Though, in the three novels I have mentioned, fraud, narcotics and murder are used in the construction of the stories, they are by no means integral as particulars to the stories. They are used as devices to show man's lack of judgment, the dichotomy of law and supposed present-day confusion. The execution of Baldwin's Giovanni is recognized by his American lover, left to go on living, only as an escape.

The question that begs asking is, what is it these people must escape from? What is it that they do not dig? The answer is, simply, that they are not with themselves. They do not dig themselves, and an analysis of their condition is certainly more in the line of a psychiatrist than a reader and perhaps even a novelist. The authors of these books have played honestly with us, but played, nevertheless with loaded dice.

It is said that Dean was

> . . . an entertaining fellow because he was so interested in everything. He could talk about cattle, horses and rodeoing, and about music, poetry and literature. He read everything from *Pancho Villa* to comic books. He liked all kinds of music, from classical pieces to sambas. He had a terrific hi-fi set and a huge collection of recordings of African music.

This refers to Dean after his initial Hollywood success. By this time he was famous and owned, in addition to everything else, his Porsche Spyder. He had gone, it seems, as far as he could go. There was no single line left to follow, except that as an actor, and to go further would have required his renouncing the personality he had portrayed on screen and off and that had won him his fame.

It is significant that there is little interest in what Dean might have gone on to do if he had not died. His death was a fitting culmination to his life, senseless, but justified by the story. There was no future for Dean just as there is no future for Bellow's, Gold's and Baldwin's characters. These contemporary heros are not the intellectual nihilists of Turgenev or Dostoevsky; they are rather, the results of the naturalistic-existential schools of writing. In all instances, they are without direction and aims, dominated by the utter helplessness of their positions, and unwilling, or unable to win even one victory.

I cannot even now confront the image of Dean and his inarticulate imitators, nor the characters of Bellow's, Gold's and Baldwin's books, without some measure of love and a great deal of pity. But, I do feel cheated by the vision of man as rootless, hopeless, and loveless.

The Wump Saga

by Donald Malcolm

. . . with a cool nod to The Art of Success, *a collection of extraordinarily tedious success stories, garnered from the pages of* Fortune *and published by J. B. Lippincott Company at $5 the copy.*

WHAT are the ingredients of success in mid-century America? No one, of course, can name them all, but high on any list would stand that most priceless of all business assets: a good name. It was this fact which almost blighted the early career of young Simon Wump. Wump isn't a very good name.

Although he began his business career in the prescribed manner, as a newsboy on one of New York's busiest corners, and although he was courteous and honest, failure dogged his steps at every turn until one day a chance meeting with a prominent financier altered both his name and his station in life.

Caught momentarily in a traffic jam, the financier rolled down his window and summoned Simon to the limousine. He accepted one of the papers and pressed a coin into the boy's hand. As Simon fumbled for change, the traffic began to move once more and the limousine was swept away with the current.

"Wait sir!" Simon shouted. "Your change!"

"My change!" echoed the anguished cry of the fast-disappearing financier.

The quick-witted lad did not waste a moment. Hailing a cab, he set off in pursuit. It was no easy task, however, to follow the limousine in the snarled mid-town traffic, and it was not until the financier had alighted before an elegant office building that Simon was able to overtake him.

He pursued the elderly gentleman up the steps and tugged at his sleeve. "I beg your pardon sir," he said in firm, manly tones which belied his sixteen years. "You have given me two pennies too much and I would like to return them to their rightful owner."

The financier was too startled to speak for a moment. Then he impulsively put a hand on the young lad's shoulder and looked heavenward. "Such honesty in this day and age is almost unbelievable!" he breathed. "My boy, will you accept a position as vice-president of my firm?"

Dazzled by this sudden improvement in his fortunes, Simon could only nod his agreement.

"Then come around to see me tomorrow morning and we will swear you in." With that, the financier was gone.

The rest of the day passed in a happy blur for the pudgy youth, and you may be sure that the next morning found him at the financier's office. After a brief wait in the anteroom, a secretary conducted him into the great man's private office.

"Simon Wump, sir," she announced.

The old gentleman looked up from his papers with a preoccupied air. "Wump Wump Wump," he muttered, breathing heavily. "Oh yes! The fat young man who chased me all over town to return two cents."

"Yes sir," said Simon. "You promised me a vice-presidency."

"No I didn't," said the old gentleman decisively. "Who ever heard of a vice-president named Wump."

"But sir . . . "

"Not another word! It's an absurd name. Vice-president Wump, *indeed!* He busied himself with the pile of papers on his desk and, with a sinking heart, Simon bowed and backed toward the door. Then, incredibly, he heard the financier say, "Just a minute Wump. I've thought of something."

"Yes sir?" Simon said, bowing once more and twisting his greasy cap in his

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hands. Something in the older man's tone sent a wild flutter of hope coursing through his breast.

"Let's have those two cents back, Wump."

* * *

The hard lesson of this interview was not lost on the young man. That very afternoon he began casting about for a name that would not hinder his chances at the next offer of a vice-presidency. No one, he concluded at last, could object to the name "Henry Ford" in such a connection, and so, withdrawing his small savings (for he was thrifty), Simon had the change legally effected. Almost immediately his luck began to change. From a pudgy youth selling newspapers on a New York street corner, the former Simon Wump has grown, by his honesty, diligence, and unfailing courtesy, to become one of the largest men selling newspapers on any street corner, anywhere.

The Upper Chamber

by Michael D. Reagan

WILLIAM S. WHITE, Congressional correspondent for *The New York Times,* has written an ode to the Senate. It will appeal to those who see a substantial threat of tyrannical actions by majorities, and to those who would like to regress from the ideal of popular democracy to the Founding Fathers' design for a republic controlled by a minority.

Citadel deals with the Senate not in analytic fashion, but "as one would try to deal with the story of an extraordinary and significant man." Through extensive and effective use of anecdotes and characterizations of major Senate types,

Citadel: The Story of the US Senate, by William S. White (Harper; $3.75).

White graphically portrays the Institution itself, from a provocatively conservative viewpoint. The Senate is good because it is everything the Presidency is not. The Presidency represents majorities, what is strong in current American life, and is inherently favorable to innovation. The Senate's value therefore lies in representation of minorities, of what has been strong in the past, and in its resistance to change. The key to this strangely lyrical defense of the Senate lies in the assertion that while the majority may have its President, in the Institution alone will the non-conforming minority "again and again be defended against the majority's most passionate will."

Defending the filbuster, White suggests that civil rights advocates would do well to recall that the public is not always right, particularly in these days of "the drenching power of propaganda," and that those in the majority today may one day become a minority dependent upon the filibuster to maintain their own rights. Admitting that the civil rights filibuster runs against the interests of a particular minority, he insists that even in so doing it protects "the general minority right." Apparently the general interest is something apart from the vector of particular interests. And in describing the pressures which the Senators exert upon society, he adds that the Senate exercised a veto over the liberal domestic policies of both FDR and Truman, although they held "fairly clear mandates from a majority of the people." It requires a cast of mind alien to me to accept the value which White finds in this situation.

Aside from one's doubts that politically conservative America, oriented to a business culture, would produce radical majorities except under the most unlikely circumstances, White's plea for anti-majoritarian devices is less than fully persuasive for two reasons. The first, which he recognizes but fails to draw the implications from is that "where a powerful majority *really wants*

On the Difficulty of Obtaining Potions

THERE are enchanting remedies, they say,
That heroines and heroes of the past
Took to make themselves feel mad or gay,
And though the effects would seldom last,
They made their pulses fugitively fast,
Knew how to turn the night into the day
By downing magic. Thus they had their way.

Tristan, entranced by what was in his cup,
Unclear but sensual, drank to the dregs.
Isolde, passionate, forgot her nup-
tials, and lost King Mark and her sea legs.
A pharmacist I know always reneges
When asked for a love potion. "It's corrup-
t," he says. "Try alcohol. Bottoms up!"

As split as any split infinitive,
Dr. Jekyll—Mr. Hyde, *au fond*—
Soon found his heady drink imperative;
A great physician, in the demi-monde
Transfixed, gorilla-ish, he chased a blonde.
My druggist says, "That is no way to live.
You wouldn't like it. Try a sedative."

I now despair of ever getting some
Of either potion. And why drink it down?
Though nice to have a beau ideal succumb,
And never have to go out on the town,
Equinal is fast, and so's Miltown,
And being much too calm now, much too numb,
And potionless, *cogito ergo sum.*

HOWARD MOSS

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a bill it will find a means to have its way, cloture or no cloture." This is probably true, but doesn't it undercut his argument for institutional checks? A better case can be made that the diversity of group pressures would in most cases prevent majoritarian tyranny more effectively than any structural bulwark.

More significantly, the Senate does not protect *all* minorities, but only those occupying power positions in the present social structure. Conservative groups can obtain many of their legislative goals in the Senate, partly because what they most often want is inaction, as in the repudiation of adequate housing, health and education programs for the unorganized families of America, partly because the majority is often conservative, as in the Smith Act, the Taft-Hartley Act and Communist Control Act of 1954. Do these protect minorities? Since the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938, on the other hand, the business minority has registered many gains and no substantial losses through legislative action. The evidence suggests that the Senate protects best those groups least in need of protection.

While the premises upon which the argument is constructed are antithetical to the liberal, *Citadel* is for that reason, and because it is *intelligently* conservative, a good book for liberals to read. It challenges the current faith in the Presidency as the repository of all governmental wisdom. Considering the myriad administrative interferences with group and individual rights, some reconsideration of the liberal identification with the Executive may not be altogether out of place today.

Apart from the major argument of the book, White's biographic approach to the Senate contributes to a "feel" of the Institution and an understanding of Senatorial motivation which are not attainable from more formal studies. And nowhere have I seen a characterization of the Republican and Democratic personality types as illuminating as White's. Democratic Senators, for example, know their seatmates intimately; Republicans know theirs well. Knowland is orderly, keeps to his seat; Johnson is volatile, jumps around—and the differences are characteristic of the parties these gentlemen represent. As the story of the personalities who make the Senate a peculiar, and in many ways a Southern, institution, *Citadel* is wholly excellent.

My Affair with Melanesia

by Alan Levy

I WAS running through the cellar of an old barracks at Fort Devens, Mass., last year. Separation was days away and I had no Prussian pistol or samurai sword to show for my two years in the peacetime Army. The souvenir hunt ended when I found what turned out to be the best language text anyone ever fell in love with. Its formal title is *Melanesian Pidgin Phrase-Book and Vocabulary*. In 1943, the Linguistic Society of America published it for United States servicemen doomed to Melanesian assignments.

I separated some of the pages and read: *"Alltogedder master ee-make-im big-fellow Chris'mas."*

The translation followed: "All the white men are having a big celebration."

Fascinated, I doubled back in the little 58-page volume and learned:

> In the islands of Melanesia, natives and white men talk together, not in ordinary English, but in a special kind of English called Pidgin. If a white man wishes to understand a native or tell him something, he will have a much better chance of doing so if he knows and is able to use at least a few words of Pidgin.

Since I'm for international understanding, I've learned quite a few words of Pidgin. Here are several samples, with English titles, all quoted directly from The Book:

Rouse-im skin belong yam.
Peel the yam!
House meh-meh ee-stop nodderside 'long place belong pig ee-stop.
The goat-stall is on the other side of the pig-pen.
Dis-fellow man ee-no got grass belong head.
This man is bald.
Dis-fellow mary got-im bubble.
This woman is pregnant.
You kitch-em dis-fellow medicine, bimeby you awright 'gain.
Take this medicine and you will get well again.
Marsaligh ee-talk-im pig, pig he-run-away.
A spirit told the pig and the pig ran away.
All-a-time all-a-time mary belong me ee-t'rowout.
My wife is always vomiting.
Head belong em ee-stink finis'.
He has been dead for a long time.
Bone belong dis-fellow man ee-all-same water.
This man is a coward.

As they do everywhere abroad, Americans in Melanesia apparently find the concept of a bathroom too vague for native consumption, for The Book cautions that *"Place wash-wash ee-stop 'long wah-name place"* means "Where is the washing place? (not to be confused with the toilet!)"

WHAT makes The Book superior to all other literature in its field is not the inherent flavor of Pidgin, but The Book's insight into Melanesian social customs.

It does more than tell you that all women are referred to as *"marys."* It illustrates by asserting: "All the women must stay clear of the men's ceremonial house," or *"Alltogedder mary ee-mus' clear 'long house tambaran."*

Sometimes The Book gets a little patronizing. Not only is *"Boy kitch-im-dis-fellow bag!"* translated as "Boy! Take this bag!" but a parenthetical note adds: "(All male natives are called 'boys,' no matter how old they are.)"

After learning that *"Plenty-fellow man ee-stop,"* means "There are many men," the reader is told: "The average native cannot think in large numbers." But even small numbers can become confusing in sentences like *"Two-fellow two-fellow man ee-kitch-in one-fellow tin."* This equation means: "Every two men get one tin."

And *"Em ee-got t'ree fellow pickaninny finis'; one-fellow pickaninny man, two-fellow pickaninny mary,"* equals "She already has three children; one boy and two girls."

The Book is almost as revealing about Americans as it is about Melanesians. On one page, I encountered this sentence: *"Me find-im find-im find-im, no look-im,"* which somehow means "I have looked and looked, but don't find it." I know few Americans who would settle for lip like that from any native anywhere, but I didn't expect the reper-

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cussions to be as violent as those that occur seven pages later, in a sequence entitled "At Work and On the March." Here is the kind of American imperialism that is likely to make Melanesian nationalists seize the South Pacific and "internationalize" it or something:

> AMERICAN: Boy! Start the machine! Stop the machine!
> NATIVE: The machine is broken. *(Machine ee-bugger-up finis'.)*
> A: Fix the machine!
> N: The machine is fixed. *(Machine ee-awright 'gain.)*
> A: Put the plank on the ground! Put the head of this plank beside that of the other! Put it near the bottom of the tree!
> N: I am very tired. *(Me tire too-much.)*
> A: Lazy good-for-nothing! You can't talk back to me. You have nothing to say (in the matter). This man is the cause of the trouble. Don't contradict me! I am angry. Why did you disobey my orders? You have disobeyed me.
> N: I have worked extremely hard. *(Me broke-im bone 'long wohk.)*
> A: Bring all the soldiers' guns. This is the mouth of the gun; the barrel of the gun; the butt of the gun. We shoot with firearms. The gun goes off. The explosion of the gun is loud.

Another characteristic of the American is his profanity, if one is to believe The Book. Instead of asking the rather useless question, "Why did you mess up the table?" he is quoted here as saying: "Why *the hell* did you mess up the table?" or *"All-a-same wah-name you bugger-im-up-im table?"*

THE Book shows its age only once, when it asserts: *"Alltogedder Jap ee-birooa belong alltogedder god-fellow man."* This means: "All the Japanese are enemies of all good men."

Old as The Book seems at this point, Melanesian Pidgin is even more ancient. It is easy to trace the tongue back to Jack London's *South Sea Tales,* in which the hero of "Mauki" communicates via "bêche-de-mer English, with which he could talk with all white men." Abandoning The Book and London momentarily, I turned to a French-English dictionary and learned that "bêche-de-mer" means "sea-slug; trepang." According to Webster's, a trepang is "a large holothurian (sea cucumber)." One thing you can say for The Book is that, unlike Jack London, it doesn't drive you to two other books before you realize you don't understand it.

PLUNGING on through London, I smarted when he referred to the cowardly Melanesians" in his story "Yah! Yah! Yah!" (I couldn't find "yah!" in any of my home dictionaries.)

And in London's "The Terrible Solomons," I learned that in part of Melanesia . . .

> Fever and dysentery are perpetually on the walk-about, that loathsome skin diseases abound, that the air is saturated with a poison that bites into every pore, cut, or abrasion and plants malignant ulcers, and that many strong men who escape dying there return as wrecks to their own countries.

At this point, I began to worry about the fate of Professor Robert A. Hall, Jr., author of The Book. Had he suffered malignant ulcers while gathering material for it? In fact, had he gone to Melanesia at all?

I tracked Professor Hall by mail from the address given by The Book—Brown University — to Cornell University, where he now teaches Italian. I sent him a letter inquiring after his health and the success of The Book. I received no reply.

If I ever do meet Professor Hall, I'd like to ask him where he got this stuff about "the average native cannot think in large numbers." Maybe the school system has deteriorated in Melanesia, for 30 years ago Jack London was quoting Mauki as reporting:

> "You no like 'm this fella white marster. Me no like 'm. Plenty good put hundred cocoanut, two hundred cocoanut, three hundred cocoanut along cutter. His finish, you go sleep 'm good fella."

300 cocoanuts went a long way in those days.

Notes on Contributors

SAM ASTRACHAN, one of the youngest American writers, is the author of a successful first novel, *An End to Dying.* MICHAEL D. REAGAN is on the Political Science faculty at Williams College. HOWARD MOSS is poetry editor of *The New Yorker.* ALAN LEVY is on the staff of *The Louisville Courier-Journal.* JANET WINN is the target of a letter appearing in this week's correspondence section.

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FILMS

Radio Folks and Royalty

THE main concern of *The Great Man* is to look as if it is saying something *outré* and Fearless about Radio, while actually doing nothing of the kind. The dodge, used to great success in *Executive Suite* and a number of other films of the "stark" school, consists of having a good guy emerge as *real* American businessman or *real* radio entertainer; the abuses are simply chalked up to the villain's warped personality. One walked out of *Executive Suite,* if not entirely sold on Big Business, at least reasonably assured that all our businessmen look like William Holden. Similarly, *The Great Man,* insists through its hero, that Radio folks are entirely loveable.

The Great Man (Universal-International).
Anastasia (20th Century-Fox.)

The villain is clearly not one of the bunch. For one thing, he is dead. For another, no one is seriously disturbed by the news—no one, that is, except "The Great Unwashed," who don't count, whoever they are. The Departed was an excessively popular radio entertainer, known and loved for his "homely philosophy" and "smutty jokes;" and most of the film is taken up with startling revelation upon revelation about his private character. The hero, a rising young news commentator, is the unwitting dredger-up of the facts, as it has fallen upon him to compose an hour long Memorial Broadcast. To do him credit, he doesn't blanch at learning that the fellow was a boor, a drunk, a lecher, an ingrate. Only on discovering that he was a *phony* too, does he begin to see red, not to say white and blue.

The phoniness involves a famous wartime broadcast, an appeal for blood from the bedside of a wounded soldier at the front. As it turns out, the "great man" wasn't at the front at all, but visiting Paris brothels; the whole thing was a fake. That the ruse worked, that blood was donated by practically everybody, does occur to our boy, but something inside him has died nonetheless.

And here is the dilly of a *denouement.* The Memorial broadcast begins, and we find Joe reading his prepared script, looking pained. Suddenly he does the most unexpected thing in the world. He throws the script away. He begins to tell All. The scene switches to the President's Inner Sanctum. The President and his toadies have just heard and are frozen with shock. Someone finally reaches for the phone. "What are you doing?" asks the President. "Why, calling to have him cut off."

"Put that phone down."

More shock. The President sets down his teacup, smiles, and explains to his colleagues that it is too late, "Joe has already made headlines." But more to the point, he tells them, is the cold fact that "Radio is not an art form, but a business. . . . And if Integrity can sell, by golly we'll give 'em Integrity!" By golly they have.

The Critics, incidentally, raved. One poor nut was so moved, he had to abandon words entirely and take to talking like this: " * * * * ." Another reported that "you won't be constantly looking at your watch." Still another felt that the author, Al Morgan, ought to get the Nobel Prize; I forget for what. They are perfectly right. I certainly didn't look at my watch constantly, or at all. In fact, I didn't even bring it. As for Mr. Morgan's prose, I have been unable to find his book, but from the film it looks like pure " * * * * ."

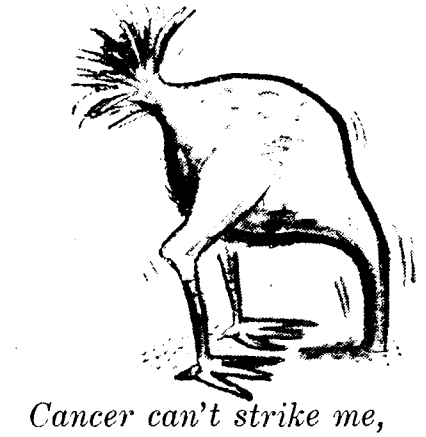
NOT long after the Bolsheviks took the Royal Family down to the cellar and did them in, hordes of young ladies began to spring up all over Europe, each claiming that she was Anastasia, Empress of All the Russians that were left. The adventures of one of these queens has been made into a play and now a film called *Anastasia;* and for some reason the thing is a first-rate romp. Could the reason be Shaw? I don't want to *insist* on the analogy, but *Pygmalion* did come to mind more times than can be attributed to pure Chance—about 18.

As in *Pygmalion,* the film begins with a pick-up. A rather shabby girl is approached by a considerably better dressed gentleman and presented with a proposition which, though it strikes her as a bit queer, she nevertheless accepts, having nothing better to do. Higgins in this case is Bunin (I think. Sometimes he is called "Budnik" or "Bunny") an appealing swindler, formerly a General in the Tsar's army, who believes that with intensive coaching the wretched girl can be turned into a reasonable enough facsimile of Her Highness Anastasia to fool even her grandmother. And as in *Pygmalion,* the experiment succeeds only too well, everyone is persuaded of authenticity, and we are led to believe that the principals marry each other.

So much for Mr. Shaw. One can't after all take everything from him—not unless one is in the musical mockery business—and *Anastasia* remains at heart *Anastasia.*

Yul Brynner was just right as Bunny; Ditto for Helen Hayes as the grandmother. As Anastasia, Ingrid Bergman was fine.

JANET WINN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Correspondence

(*Continued from page 3*)

film which was reviewed with coyness and superficiality in a recent (Jan. 21) issue of *New Republic,* has become the most controversial dramatist of our day. In some circles, it has become smart to complain of his personal neuroticism, to profess weariness with his subjective realism, and to grumble with boredom, if one can be bothered to grumble at all, at his preoccupation—an extension of these first two matters—with sex.

The New Republic review suggests that the Universal Problem in *Baby Doll* is really the problem of Everyman whose wife won't sleep with him. It is possible that some reviewers are unduly Wholesome, but some of those who have admired *Baby Doll* have suggested that the subject-matter of this film is the terrible effects which poverty and ignorance can have on human beings.

Although *NR*'s reviewer dismisses the female interest of *Baby Doll* as the possessor of nice eyes and the male as "a real sleazy type," actually these are characters of some complexity. . . . We submit that the characters in *Baby Doll* have more to recommend them than nice eyes or a peculiarity or two. Archie Lee's character, as displayed by his ability to leave Baby Doll's virginity intact (he has, of course, made modest attempts upon it) during their two-year agreement, seems heroic if not altogether saintly, and his concern for Baby Doll when he is carted off at the end does not seem entirely motivated by lust. Vecarro's old world code of an eye for an eye may not be acceptable in our society, but his adherence to it must be tolerated, especially in combination with his occasional flashes of kindness. If Vecarro becomes impossible at any point, it is at the end when he takes abrupt leave of Baby Doll. But this episode wins us new admiration for the young lady whose new-won maturity and philosophical acceptance of Vecarro's departure may be in over-sharp contrast with her earlier simple-mindedness but culminates in a character of unusual and nearly admirable dimensions.

The plot, if one may borrow an essential cliché, is no more improbable than many to be found in our daily papers. Perhaps truth is not always stranger than this particular fiction, but it is occasionally. As for social significance, it is doubtful that Williams intended it. It would seem that the presence of (a) the old order and (b) the new order on which *NR*'s reviewer pounced with such glee was purely coincidental. The dramatist, as well as the traveler, is likely to come upon these two groups in the South and conflicting groups are ever a valid source of drama. Social significance in the theater really is out of fashion, and there are many good minds who have long believed that the soap-box has no place in the theater at all. It seems entirely probable that none was intended here.

As for what the *NR* reviewer has seen fit to refer to as "costumes and sets," here is an area of Tennessee Williams' world in which all but the sure-footed would do better not to enter. The atmosphere Williams evokes in all his plays is possibly the reason for his existence as a leading contemporary playwright, and perhaps the reason why audiences, however discomfited by his subject-matter or his characters, keep crowding his theaters. That Williams is a master of creating atmosphere few will deny. He clothes even his most harrowing episodes with a poetic quality which eludes many playwrights, and a startling number of reviewers.

FLORA GILL JACOBS

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The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.

► *Public Festivities*

SIRS:

PERHAPS we'll never be able to lift the heavy, clammy hands which design, such things as postage stamps, currency, public buildings, and most official publications for the US Government. Once every generation (it appears) a mysterious little conspiracy, dedicated to the dull and deadly, hands down its esthetic edicts.

At least one item of public interest could be saved, however. I refer to the Inauguration spectacle and all its trappings: the stands and structures, the symbols of government, the parade itself.

I watched the recent parade on TV. Except for occasional flashes of well-corseted, corn-fed girls, it was a dreary mess. Presumably the presence of each of the 48 states in the parade is meant to prove something about the size and diversity of the nation. Yet all the floats resembled a drugstore display of pink soap. And all the dear, goose-pimpled little drum majorettes looked alike.

The Inaugural wing-ding could be lively and meaningful. (One thinks of the Renaissance princes who hired the finest artists, sculptors, poets and musicians to dress up *their* public spectacles.)

Proposal: let each state pick its best artists, sculptors, architects and theater designers to concoct a state float for the 1960 Inaugural parade. Let them look around for some interesting subject-matter with genuine local color. Perhaps some of the national federations and associations of artists and designers could interest themselves in the over-all design of the affair.

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